

The Columbus Journal.

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COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 6, 1898.

WHOLE NUMBER 1,456.

THE OLD RELIABLE.

Columbus State Bank

(Oldest Bank in the State.)

Pays Interest on Time Deposits

Makes Loans on Real Estate

ISSUES SHORT DRAFTS ON
Omaha, Chicago, New York and
all Foreign Countries.

SELLS STEAMSHIP TICKETS

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And helps its customers when they need help

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COMMERCIAL BANK

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A. E. H. OHLERICH, N. C. GRAY,

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deposits; buy and sell exchange on United

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Columbus Journal!

A weekly newspaper de-

voted the best interest

COLUMBUS

THE COUNTY OF PLATTE,

The State of Nebraska

THE UNITED STATES

AND THE REST OF MANKIND

The unit of measure with

us is

\$1.50 A YEAR,

IF PAID IN ADVANCE.

But our limit of usefulness

is not prescribed by dollars

and cents. Sample copies

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HENRY GASS,

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144 COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA.

THE

Columbus Journal!

IS PREPARED TO FURNISH ANYTHING

REQUIRE OF A

PRINTING OFFICE.

CLUBS

BEST PAPERS

COUNTRY.

CAMPFIRE SKETCHES.

GOOD SHORT STORIES FOR
THE VETERANS.

The Flag Goes By—Wonders of the
Great Chinese Wall—Tearing a Young
Soldier—For the Cavalry Service—Was
Jackson a Unionist?

The Flag Goes By.

Hats off!

Along the street there comes

A blare of bugles, a rattle of drums,

A flash of color beneath the sky;

Hats off!

Blue and crimson and white it shines,

Over the steel-tipped ordered lines.

Hats off!

The colors before us fly;

More than the flag is passing by.

Sea fights and land fights, grim and

great,

Fought to make and to save the state;

Weary marches and sinking ships;

Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and days of peace;

March of a strong land's swift in-

crease;

Equal justice, right and law,

Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong

To ward her people from foreign

wrong;

Pride and glory and honor, all

Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!

Along the street there comes

A blare of bugles, a rattle of drums,

And loyal hearts are beating high;

Hats off!

The flag is passing by!

—H. H. Bennett in the Youth's Com-

panion.

Jackson a Unionist.

Earl McCarter, of the British em-

bassy, who, in 1782, visited and

measured the wall, estimated that at

the time the cubic yards of materials

used in its construction exceeded in bulk

the materials of all the buildings of

Great Britain put together. The writer

also found measurements of the wall

which averaged twenty-five feet high

and fifteen feet thick, the foundations

being of cut stone, laid in regular

courses, with mortar, as hard today as

the stone itself. The sides of the wall,

the parapets and the towers are con-

structed of burnt brick. The inner

portion of the wall is filled in with

earth and broken stone, well rammed

and compacted, while the top, between

the parapets, is paved with burnt brick

and stone. About every 2,000 feet

there is a tower, some thirty-five feet

high, forming a part of the wall itself,

but projecting beyond and overlooking

the face of the wall on either side.

These towers evidently formed the

guardrooms or barracks for the sol-

diers and the stone stairways which

led from the top of the wall to the

ground on the southern side, as well

as the stone thresholds entering the

towers, were well worn by the feet of

countless soldiers, who, for many cen-

turies, passed to and fro on guard.

From the New York Sun: "There

never was a stronger unionist than

Gen. "Stonewall" Jackson. It is a

surprising statement, but it is made

by Mrs. Louisa Jackson Arnold, the

general's sister and only surviving

relative. Mrs. Arnold, who is now in

Ohio ever since the war, and for fifteen

years past has made her home in a

"water cure" establishment near Col-

umbus. Though a confirmed invalid,

her memory, like her eyesight, is un-

impaired, and her favorite topic of

conversation is her distinguished

brother. At the outbreak of the rebel-

lion, she says General, then Major

Jackson was, like herself, earnestly op-

posed to secession, but while she, fol-

lowing her inclinations, devoted her

self to the task of caring for wounded

union soldiers, her brother felt that

loyalty to the doctrine of state's rights

demanding that his services should be

given to the confederate cause. There

was, however, no doubt about his

views. Mrs. Arnold declares, for when

the Richmond convention, to decide

whether Virginia should secede or not,

was approaching, she received many

letters from her brother, in which he

advised her husband and neighbors to

exert what influence they could against

a division of the union. These letters

are now lost, having been stolen by un-

known persons from an iron box in

which Mrs. Arnold had kept them for

many years. Mrs. Arnold is an hono-

rable member of the army of West Vir-

ginia, a distinction that has been be-

stowed upon no other woman except

Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes.

Testing a Young Soldier.

In the "Personal Recollections" of

Capt. James Dickinson is an account of

a little cadet who started a "scare"

"scare" at the North Carolina Mil-

itary Institute. When he entered the

school he reported at once to the pres-

ident, Maj. Hill.

"Well, sir, what is your name?"

asked Maj. Hill.

"James Bleeker."

"Well, what is your middle name?"

"I have no middle names. Just

James."

The examination proceeded rather

disastrously, but the cadet was finally

dismissed, and told to answer to his

name at reveille the next morning.

The little fellow lay awake nearly

all night, fearing he might not hear

the drum-beat; and when it sounded

he was promptly in line. The roll was

called, and each boy answered; but

when it came to "Bleeker," there

proved to be several: H. H. B., and

J. J. When the last name was called,

no one answered, and the little

newcomer felt that he had been forgot-

ten.

After breakfast, when the boys had

gone to their rooms for study, little

Bleeker heard a tap outside. He

threw open the door, and found there

a sergeant and two men, with their

guns at a carry.

"I have orders, sir," said the ser-

geant, "to arrest you and take you to

head, Hill."

The boy started back in genuine hor-

ror and despair. He wondered if his

father had any conception of the awful

situation, and what he would say if he

knew. But there was nothing to do

but to yield, and he walked away with

his guard. As soon as they reached

the major's presence, that officer asked:

"Why were you not at roll-call this

morning?"

"Here," replied the boy.

"Sergeant," did he answer to his

name?"

"No, sir."

"Well, sir, why did you not answer

to your name?"

"He did not call my name, sir. I

was there! I declare I was there! But

did not hear my name called."

"Call the roll, sergeant!" ordered the

major.

The sergeant began and went on un-

til he reached "Bleeker, J. J."

"Stop, sir!" said the major. "Is that

your name?"

"No, sir, my name is James Bleeker."

"But you told me that your name

was just James Bleeker."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, doesn't it stand for just?"

This was the major's private joke,

which he had concocted in secret, and

at which he never smiled.

Wonders of Chinese Wall.

Being in Pekin some thirty years

ago, says a correspondent of the Wash-

ington Post, I made a journey to its

great rampart. I spent several days

on the top of the wall and towers,

climbing and climbing certainly

twenty-five miles per day. This

word climbing is used purposely, for many

portions of the wall are exceedingly

steep. If merely mounting these sec-

tions was exhausting, what must have

been the human toll in lifting all the

materials to these rugged heights, from

500 to 4,000 feet! Is it true that the

wall runs straight up the steepest

mountain sides, follows their summits

and as abruptly descends into the deep

valley and ravines, thus defying all

rules of modern military and civil en-

gineering. Long portions of the great

wall and towers are in excellent pre-

servation, considering the wear and tear

of 3,000 years. Near towns and rivers

some of the materials have been re-

moved for building and other pur-

poses. In fact, the writer himself car-

ried away several of the bricks, older

and more worn than those of the col-

umn.

Veterans Travel Card.

From the Marquette, Mich. Mining

Journal: "I used to know an old soldier

a pensioner, who was just crazy to

travel, and when he got his quarterly

pension allowance he would di-

vide it in halves, put \$48 in one pocket

and \$48 in the other. Then he'd travel

til he'd spent all the money in one

pocket. When that was gone he'd

head for home and pay the bills out of

the other pocket. I suppose he calcu-

lated that the last \$48 ought to bring

him back from any place the first \$48

would take him to.

He owned